

THE ANDERSON INTELLIGENCER

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140 West Whitner Street.
ANDERSON, S. C.

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The Last Profreader.

When the story of Mammon is printed
And the blinder has laid down his tools;
When none of the facts have been stinted—
And the deeds of the wise and the fools
Have been written by prophets and sages—
And bound in the rawhide of man,
Then God will blue-pencil its page.
As only the Almighty can.

He will see the proud kings of the ages
As they rot in their filigreed graves,
And measure their virtue with gauges
That he'll use for both masters and slaves;
While princes whose caskets were freighted
With laurel wreaths, honors and flags
May find that their souls have been rated
'Neath beggar-men buried in rags.

So in the long it is better
To lead our lives humbly contrite;
Find truth, live it up to the letter,
With hearts free from rancor and spite;
For the great proofreader is tracing
Man's record straight back to the flood,
And we hope for a merciful placing
In the book that is printed in blood.
NEW YORK HERALD.

The Return to the Old Town.
O the little old town that I felt one day,
Because it was quiet, still
Has the name that it had when I went away,
And stands on the same old hill;
But the ones that were dear in the little old town,
With its one wide street running up and down,
Have ceased to sit on the porches where
The roses were trained to climb;
They have ceased to sew and to whittle there,
As they did in the dear old time.

The little old church with its wooden sheds,
Still stands as it stood of yore;
But the ones who knelt and who bowed their heads
Are worshipping there no more!
And the little old school where I carved my name
On the home-made desk stands just the same—
But the boys who are battling the ball today
And the little maids, fair and free,
Are not the children who used to play
On the common there with me.

The little old house, so dear, so dear,
Stands just where it used to stand;
But not for many and many a year
Has the latch obeyed her hand—
The hand in which my hand was laid
When my first few faltering steps
Were made—
And in the little old parlor there,
Peering through the little lawn,
Another sits in her easy chair,
And hears the clock tick on.

O the little old town that I left one day,
Because it was quiet and still,
Has the name that it had when I went away,
And stands on the same old hill;
But the friends that I've traveled "back home" to see
Are gone or else are but strangers to me,
And over the doors of the little old stores
Are names that I never knew,
And the dream that was dear of the "old home" here
Can never, alas, come true!
—S. E. Qiser, in Chicago Times-Herald.

As of Old.
Fond Mother—Bobbie, come here. I have something awfully nice to tell you.
Bobbie (aged 6)—Aw, I don't care. I know what it is. Big brother's home from college.
Fond Mother—Why, Bobbie, how could you guess?
Bobbie—My bank don't rattle any more.—University of Nebraska Aw-gwan.

A Leading Question.
He—Are you fond of sports, Miss Green?
She—Oh, Sir, Toughly, this is so absurd.—Laf.

EDITOR-SMOAK SAYS GOOD-BYE.

The following editorial, the first penned by me as editor of The Intelligencer, appeared October 2, 1914. Seven months has seemed a short while to labor in this capacity, far too short to learn all there is to know of the people of this great county, but how well I have kept the faith the readers of this newspaper, seeing below the goal set for accomplishment when I began, and being familiar with what I have written in these columns, will best be able to judge.

The position of editor of any newspaper is one of great responsibility. Especially is this true when the newspaper is issued daily in a city and county such as Anderson. Directing the utterances of this page is a task from which one may well shrink, and this is particularly true when following so gifted and fluent a writer as Col. Banks, who has given much thought to establishing The Daily Intelligencer.

But since this duty has been placed upon me, I shall endeavor to discharge it with all my soul. The readers who shall daily scan these columns may not find here many brilliant thoughts clothed in faultless English, but they will find the honest convictions of one whose every thought shall be for the upbuilding of a bigger and purer city, a richer and happier county, a prouder and more patriotic State. This purpose will underlie what shall here be written, and by it I wish to be judged. Yes, I shall make mistakes—who does not? I shall fall far short of my ideals in many things, because I am human. You, dear reader, shall do likewise and for the same reason. So let us not censure each other too severely.

Of course we shall not agree on all questions, but let our disagreements be honest differences of opinion. I may say the war in Europe will soon be over; you may say it will last for months, perhaps years. I shall grant you the right to your thoughts; you should do the same for me. You have a right to think as you please—provided you THINK; I have the same right. So why fall out about it?

Anderson county is a great county, in a great section of the State. Her resources and her industries are varied and many—The Intelligencer stands for the development of these. Her people are true, brave and loyal to what they believe is right—The Intelligencer would have them remain true, brave and loyal to the right. Her people are as a rule law abiding—The Intelligencer would create respect for all law. Indeed The Intelligencer would clasp hands with every uplifting agency in this section and help them accomplish their good work.

Is there not enough work to do building up our city, county and State to keep us too busy to find fault with one another, too busy to search for faults and too busy to pry for motives that are impure? Let us forget factionalism and unite all our energies to bring great things to pass here and now. That were a man's task. Let us cease looking on the dark side and try to see the silver lining to the clouds. Plants grow and thrive best only in the pure sunlight—Are we not human plants?

The Intelligencer would work for bettering the condition of every farmer and laboring man. This newspaper realizes that the prosperity and happiness of every class of our citizenship depends upon the prosperity and happiness of every other class. If the farmer is prosperous, the merchant, the business man, the professional class, the banks—all are prosperous. This close interdependence of all was never so forcefully illustrated as has been done by this war in Europe. Such being true, then, we need to stand together. Therefore, The Intelligencer deprecates the tendency of some persons to array one class against another and to keep alive and fan into flame difference of opinion so as to accomplish this end.

Believing that the stability of our institutions depends upon an educated and enlightened citizenship, The Intelligencer would stand for education of all the children of every community. No enlightened people can long be fooled or enslaved, nor can they be the prey of the vicious and avaricious. Anderson county has a fine system of schools, both city and county, and these are indeed a pride to all her people. The Intelligencer would see them grow and spread wide their influence.

A word personal: Eleven months ago the writer came into your midst. You gave him a warm welcome and proved yourselves kind and considerate. During this time he has learned to know, admire and respect much he has seen of the life, the customs and ideals of the people. Now he has been selected to stand as the champion of the people who have thus shown him courtesies and friendships. He has chosen Anderson as his home, a place in which to live and rear his children, a place where he hopes they may live and make their homes. He, therefore, would like to have Anderson and Anderson county keep abreast of any progressive section of the country. Born and reared on the farm, his sympathies are largely with the men who plow and hoe and sow and reap. They are so busy producing they often have no time to speak up for their rights. He hopes to make The Intelligencer speak for them, but at the same time, not blindly, for others have rights also. Those who manufacture what the farmer produces, those who furnish the means, the channels of trade—all have rights. So he shall promise all a square deal, and isn't that enough?

You can help him. Will you do it? Still a stranger to many, won't you come in and get acquainted? He wants to know you, your thoughts, your homes, your happiness, your sorrow, your success, your failures. You can help him be a good editor of The Intelligencer, and he has faith in you—you will.

During the time I have lived among the people of Anderson, I have learned to know them well. I have enjoyed the companionship and the friendship of many of them, and even in the crossing of swords with a few, there has been no bitterness, and I trust that their feelings toward me is the same. In leaving it is not without consideration of the many advantages this field offers to a newspaper man, and of the many opportunities to achieve something of usefulness to mankind.

To those who will be interested in what becomes of the erstwhile editor, I will state that I go from here to Walterboro, where for twelve years I lived, loved and worked, and will resume active management of my newspaper there, The Press and Standard. Quite a come down, I hear you say, from being editor of a prosperous daily in the Piedmont, to running a weekly in a low country town. Well, that depends upon the view point, and the way one feels about the work. "YOU can do better in Anderson," is your slogan, and a good one. I can do better in Walterboro is my slogan, and having faith in it I do not hesitate to try. There I shall have time to do other things besides running a newspaper, and I have never had to sit idly by with folded hands because of nothing to do, and I have found that my efforts there were fruitful and pleasant. I believe in the possibilities of the great low country and hope it help bring them out.

For my successor in the capacity of editor and manager, I bespeak your earnest cooperation and good wishes. Mell Glenn is a man you can tie to and a man who will give you a fine paper. Trained in the field of journalism, and being devoted to the work, he brings a mind well filled with ideas, and an ability to execute them. The Intelligencer as your paper as much as it is his, and it reflects the spirit of the city and of the community in the manner it receives your cooperation and support. Let it speak of a united and enthusiastic desire to build up a modern city along proper lines. Help Glenn to make it representative of the best in the city and the county. He is worthy and deserves your support. I call your attention again to what I wrote seven months ago, and I feel that Glenn will do all in his power to make the paper representative of these ideas.

In saying good-bye to the good people of Anderson, I leave behind the best wishes I know how to wish for your prosperity and happiness. I would urge you to keep up the good work being done in the schools of the county, support the chamber of commerce and its work, the rural school supervisor, the girls canning clubs, the boys corn clubs, the farm demonstration work, stand for law and order, and keep Anderson a clean and pure city in which the future men and women may grow to manhood and womanhood and become leaders of thought and leaders of men.

I cannot close without expressing to the loyal and faithful band of young men who have helped to make The Intelligencer the splendid paper it is and has been, my profound appreciation for their loyalty and cooperation. No better force of newspaper makers exist anywhere than those now engaged in making this paper. They are real helpers and true.

No better way, and no grimmer thought has been uttered, as a good-bye thought than the following lines. I wish them all for you.

I pray the prayer the Easterners do,
May the peace of Allah abide with you;
Wherever you stay, wherever you go,
May the beautiful palms of Allah grow;
Through days of labor, and nights of rest,
The love of good Allah make you blest;
So I touch my heart, as the Easterners do,
May the peace of Allah abide with you.

W. W. SMOAK.

New York Society Girl in Greek Dance.



This is a pose of one of the New York society girls whose daring dances in Greek costumes have caused considerable comment. The young woman didn't wear much besides a short pair of trunks and a robe which was filmy. Her legs and feet were bare. The leader of a teachers' organization, before which several young women appeared at a benefit in this garb, was rather severe in her comment.

The Lowly Art of Spelling.

Ignoring for the moment the movement for simplifying spelling, is spelling, of the ancient and difficult kind, worth while? Granting that it is a polite accomplishment, can one afford, in a practical age, to spend the time upon it necessary to "mastery, at the cost of neglecting biology, chemistry, the higher mathematics, social statistics and the futuristic school of art?"

In Ohio, the 88 champion spellers of the 99 Ohio counties are about to meet and spell for the state championship and keen interest is said to prevail in respect of the approaching tournament of "bee," or "scrap," or "lot," or jamboree.

Probably it is wise to learn to spell, but it is by no means so necessary as it used to be. A shorthand writer should be an expert speller and searcher of dictionaries besides, but if one is to have a short-hand writer, why should one be a person and exaggeratedly egotistic speller? What for is the bright-eyed and pink-checked stenographer if not to relieve her employer of the spelling nuisance.

One occasionally meets with persons of uncommon stupidity who spell with great skill and accuracy and, on the other hand, there are brilliant persons with a gift for literary composition who have never learned to spell ordinarily well and who never will cease to make weird blunders in orthography.

The winner of the first prize in the Ohio contest may be some bumpkin without "sense to get out of a shower of rain."—The State.

Reversed the Verdict.

A prominent citizen of a large town went raging into the electric light company's office and declared that one of their wires had killed a pet tree on his premises.

"That tree," said he, "has been standing there for twenty years, and we regarded it as one of the family. My children played under it when they were babies, and it is associated with some of the pleasantest memories of my wife. When it began to die we all mourned, and we could not imagine what ailed it until yesterday when I noticed that a wire was lying right across a branch. My poor tree has been electrocuted, and I feel as if murder had been done in my house."

Considerably moved, the agent of the company went to view the scene of the tragedy and found the tree still alive, but feeble. When he came to trace the wire he discovered one end nail to the roof of an old barn and the other twisted around a discarded pole. It had been cut off for at least two years and forgotten. But the occasion demanded something, so he made the following report:

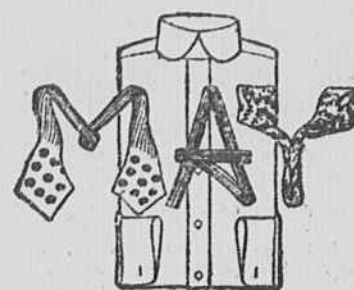
"Tree alive, wire dead. Wire evidently killed by tree. Bill inclosed."

Spotlight on History.

Damocles was lying back in the chair, the while the barber of those days scraped his face.

"Haircut?" asked the man of science.

"Not on your tinfoil," replied Damocles, for he was watching the sword dangling over his devoted head.—Philadelphia Ledger.



B.D. Brandt Co.

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Ties 25c to 75c.

Judging from last Saturday's sale today will clean up our entire stock of Special Wash Ties. So long as they last today at 2 for 25c.

THE LAND OF BEGINNING AGAIN.

(By LOUISA FLETCHER TARKINGTON)

I wish that there were some wonderful place
Called the Land of Beginning Again,
Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches
And all of our poor, selfish grief
Could be dropped, like a shabby old coat, at the door,
And never put on again.

I wish we could come on it all unaware,
Like the hunter who finds a lost trail;
And I wish that the one whom our blindness had done
The greatest injustice of all
Could be at the gates, like an old friend that waits
For the comrade he's gladdest to hail.

We would find all the things we intended to do
But forgot, and remembered too late,
Little praises unspoken, little promises broken,
And all of the thousand and one
Little duties neglected that might have perfected
The day for one less fortunate.

It wouldn't be possible not to be kind
In the Land of Beginning Again;
And the ones we misjudged and the ones whom we grudge
Their moments of victory here
Would find in the grasp of our loving hand-clasp
More than penitent lips could explain.

For what had been hardest we'd know had been best,
And what had seemed lost would be gain;
For there isn't a sting that will not take wing,
When we've faced it and laughed it away;
And I think that the laughter is most what we're after
In the Land of Beginning Again!

So I wish that there were some wonderful place
Called the Land of Beginning Again,
Where all our mistakes and all our heartaches
And all our poor, selfish grief
Could be dropped, like a shabby old coat, at the door,
And never put on again.

Fresh Shipment of Florida Vegetables

Extra fine Smooth Tomatoes, lb	12 1-2c
Snap Beans, the best quality, 2 lbs for	25c
New Irish Potatoes, lb	5c
Beets, 3 for	10c
Squash, lb	7c
Egg Plants, 2 for	15c
New Cabbage, lb	4 1-2c
Onions, bunch	5c
California Evaporated Peaches, 3 lbs for	25c
Prunes, fat and waxy, 2 lbs for	25c
3 Cans Pie Peaches for	25c
Dried Apricots, 2 lbs for	35c
48 lbs Patent Flour	\$1.90
48 lbs Self-Rising Flour	\$2.00
Fresh Lookout Cakes, each	10c
SOMETHING NEW—Bran Crackers. Every body should eat these crackers for health's sake, package	15c

Anderson Cash Grocery Co.

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